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G x Sullivan

W. C. C. C.



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H.M.S. PINAFORE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore. Raised poop-deck R. Mainmast L. Mizen R. An awning covers the deck. Entrance to cabins under poop-deck R. Hatchway C. Skylight R.C. Steering wheel R. View of Portsmouth in distance. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, &c.*

CHORUS.

We sail the Ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty ;
We're sober men, and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free o'er the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day ;
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide,
We have plenty of time to play.

(*Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP L., with large basket on her arm.*)

RECIT.

Hail, men-o'-wars' men—safeguards of your nation,
Here is an end, at last, of all privation ;
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

ARIA.

For I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why,
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup, I.
I've snuff and tobacco and excellent jacky,
I've scissors, and watches, and knives ;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.
I've treacle and toffee and excellent coffee,
Soft tommy and succulent chops ;
I've chickens and conies and pretty polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Sailors should never be shy;
So, buy of your Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

BOAT. (R.C.) Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for you're the rosiest, the roundest and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

BUT. (C.) Red, am I? and round—and rosy! May be, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend—hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT. No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

(Enter DICK DEADEYE L. *He pushes through sailors, and comes down L.*)

DICK. I have thought it often. (*All recoil from him.*)

BUT. Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOAT. Don't take no heed of *him*, that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK. (L.C.) I say—it's a beast of a name, aint it—Dick Deadeye?

BUT. It's not a nice name.

DICK. I'm ugly too, aint I?

BUT. You are certainly plain.

DICK. And I'm three-cornered too, aint I?

BUT. You are rather triangular.

DICK. Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

BOAT. (*Crossing to c.*) Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now can you?

DICK. No.

BOAT. It's asking too much, ain't it?

DICK. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature—I am resigned.

RECIT.

BUT. (*Looking down hatchway from R.*)

But, tell me—who's the youth whose faltering feet
With difficulty bear him on his course?

BOAT. (*Crossing to R.C.*) That is the smartest lad in all the fleet—

Ralph Rackstraw!

BUT. (R.) Ha! that name! Remorse! remorse!

(Enter RALPH from hatchway.)

MADRIGAL—RALPH.

The Nightingale
Loved the pale moon's bright ray,
And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL. He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

The lowly vale
For the mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL. They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

RECIT.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little consolation,
When we have pain and trouble too before us!
I love—and love, alas, above my station!

BUT. (*Aside.*) He loves—and loves a lass above his station!

ALL. (*Aside.*) Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station!

BALLAD—RALPH.

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty;
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie
To do her menial's duty.

ALL. To do her menial's duty.

A suitor, lowly born,
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond concealing,
Has dared for her to pine
At whose exalted shrine

A world of wealth is kneeling.

ALL. A world of wealth is kneeling!

Unlearned he in aught
Save that which love has taught,
(For love had been his tutor):
Oh, pity, pity me—
Our captain's daughter she,
And I that lowly suitor!

ALL. And he that lowly suitor !

(Exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP L.)

BOAT. (R.) Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high :
our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a
poor chap like you. Will she, lads ?

DICK. (L.) No, no, captains' daughters don't marry
foremast jacks.

ALL. (*Recoiling from him.*) Shame ! shame !

BOAT. (*Crossing to c.*) Dick Deadeye, them sentiments
o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur.

RALPH. (R.) But it's a strange anomaly, that the
daughter of a man who hails from the quarter-deck may not
love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man
is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main-truck or
his slacks on the main deck.

DICK. Ah, it's a queer world !

RALPH. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on
you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an
honest sailor shudder.

BOAT. (*Who has gone on poop-deck, returns down c.*)
My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck, let us greet
him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

RECIT.

CAPT. My gallant crew, good morning.

ALL. (*Saluting.*) Sir, good morning !

CAPT. I hope you're all well.

ALL. (*As before.*) Quite well ; and you, sir ?

CAPT. I am in reasonable health, and happy
To meet you all once more.

ALL. (*As before.*) You do us proud, sir !
(*All hitch their trousers to chord.*)

SONG—CAPTAIN.

CAPT. I am the Captain of the Pinafore !

ALL. And a right good captain, too !

CAPT. You're very, very good,
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew.

ALL. We're very, very good,
And be it understood,
He commands a right good crew.

CAPT. Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef, and steer,
And ship a selvagee ;
I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea !

ALL. What, never?
CAPT. No, never!
ALL. What, *never*?
CAPT. Hardly ever!
ALL. He's hardly ever sick at sea!
 Then give three cheers, and one cheer **more**,
 For the hardy Captain of the Pinafore!

(Between the verses the CAPTAIN has come down to quarter-deck, and he sings the second verse from c.)

CAPT. I do my best to satisfy you all—
ALL. And with you we're quite content.
CAPT. You're exceedingly polite,
 And I think it only right
 To return the compliment.
ALL. We're exceedingly polite,
 And he thinks its only right
 To return the compliment.
CAPT. Bad language or abuse,
 I never, never use,
 Whatever the emergency;
 Though, "bother it," I may
 Occasionally say,
 I never use a big, big D—
ALL. What, never?
CAPT. No, never!
ALL. What, *never*?
CAPT. Hardly ever!
ALL. Hardly ever swears a big, big D—
 Then give three cheers, and one cheer **more**,
 For the well bred Captain of the Pinafore!

(After Song exeunt all but CAPTAIN L., and down hatchway—)

Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP.)

BUT. (Recit.) Sir, you are sad—The silent eloquence
 Of yonder tear that trembles on your eyelash
 Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common;
 Confide in me—fear not—I am a mother!
CAPT. (L.) Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry—
 My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower
 That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
 Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,
 Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason,
 She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

BUT. (*with emotion*) Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well
 The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!
 But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.
 I go—Farewell! (*Exit.*)

CAPT. (*looking after her.*) A plump and pleasing person!

(*Enter JOSEPHINE on poop, R. She comes down c., twining some flowers which she carries in a small basket.*)

BALLAD—JOSEPHINE.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
 Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
 Sad are the sighs that own the spell,
 Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
 Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
 When love is alive and hope is dead!
 Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
 Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
 When to the ark the wearied one
 Flies from the empty waste of waters!
 Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
 When love is alive and hope is dead!

CAPT. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

JOS. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem—reverence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

CAPT. (*Aside.*) It is then as I feared. (*Aloud.*) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

JOS. No, father—the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

CAPT. Impossible!

JOS. Yes, it is true—too true;

CAPT. A common sailor? Oh fie!

JOS. I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! (*Weeps.*)

CAPT. Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter—I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn.

somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

Jos. Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father, I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

CAPT. You *are* my daughter after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of female relatives that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your cabin—take this, his photograph, with you—it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

Jos. My own thoughtful father.

(*Embrace and Exit R. CAPTAIN remains and ascends the poop-deck.*)

BARCAROLLE. (*invisible.*)

Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.,
Wherever he may go
Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go!
Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

(*During this the Crew have entered on tip-toe, listening attentively to the song.*)

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of fe-ar,
In all the Royal N.
None are so smart as we are.

(*Enter Sir JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES L. They dance round stage.*)

REL.	Gaily tripping,
	Lightly skipping,
	Flock the maidens to the shipping.
SAILORS.	Flags and guns and pennants dipping!
	All the ladies love the shipping.

REL. Sailors sprightly,
Always rightly,
Welcome ladies so politely,
SAILORS. Ladies who can smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome most politely.

(Enter SIR JOSEPH with COUSIN HEBE L.U.E.)

CAPT. (from poop.) Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way.
ALL. Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurray !

(Repeat.)

SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

I am the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's Navee.
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.
COUSIN HEBE. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts !
REL. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts !
Sir JOSEPH. When at anchor here I ride,
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts ;
COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts !
ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts !
Sir JOSEPH. But when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants !
COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts !
ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts !
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts !

SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so carefuller
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

CHORUS.—He polished, &c.

As office boy I made such a mark
 That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
 I served the writs with a smile so bland,
 And I copied all the letters in a big round hand—
 I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
 CHORUS.—He copied, &c.

In serving writs I made such a name
 That an articled clerk I soon became;
 I wore clean collars and a bran new suit
 For the pass examination at the Institute.
 And that pass examination did so well for me,
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
 CHORUS.—And that pass examination, &c.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
 That they took me into the partnership,
 And that junior partnership I ween
 Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
 But that kind of ship so suited me,
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
 CHORUS.—But that kind, &c.

I grew so rich that I was sent
 By a pocket borough into Parliament.
 I always voted at my party's call,
 And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
 I thought so little, they rewarded me,
 By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
 CHORUS.—He thought so little, &c.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
 If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
 If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
 Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
 Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
 And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!
 CHORUS.—Stick close, &c.

Sir JOSEPH. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. (R.) It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

Sir JOSEPH. (*Examining a very small midshipman.*) A British sailor is a splendèd fellow, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

Sir JOSEPH. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

Sir JOSEPH. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

Sir JOSEPH. No bullying, I trust—no strong language of any kind, eh?

CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

Sir JOSEPH. What, *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph, They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

Sir JOSEPH. (*Reproving.*) Don't patronize them, Sir—pray don't patronize them.

CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

Sir JOSEPH. That you are their Captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

CAPT. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

Sir JOSEPH. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.

CAPT. (R.) Ralph Rackstraw, come here.

Sir JOSEPH. (*Sternly*) If what?

CAPT. I beg your pardon—

Sir JOSEPH. If you *please*.

CAPT. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (RALPH *steps forward from L.*)

Sir JOSEPH. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH. Yes, your honour.

Sir JOSEPH. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.

Sir JOSEPH. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

RALPH. No, your honour.

Sir JOSEPH. That's a pity: all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me—don't be afraid—how does your Captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. A better Captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

ALL. Hear!

Sir JOSEPH. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honour.

Sir JOSEPH. Then hum this at your leisure. (*Giving him MS. music.*) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence

of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. (*Crossing to c.*) Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

BOAT. (L.) Beg pardon. If what, your honour?

CAPT. If what? I don't think I understand you.

BOAT. If you *please*, your honour.

CAPT. (R.C.) What!

Sir JOSEPH. (*Coming down, c.*) The gentleman is quite right. If you *please*.

CAPT. (*Stamping his foot impatiently.*) If you *please*!

Sir JOSEPH. For I hold that on the seas

The expression, "if you please,"

A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

(*Exeunt CAPT. and Sir JOSEPH into Cabin R. RELATIVES off R. and L.*)

BOAT. (c.) Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman: courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

RALPH. (R.) True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his, and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

ALL. Well spoke! well spoke!

DICK. (L.) You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

ALL. (*Recoiling.*) Horrible! horrible!

BOAT. (c.) Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's crew too far, I wont answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! that's what I am—shocked!

RALPH. (*Coming forward c.*) Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the Captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.

ALL. Hurrah!

RALPH. Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?

ALL. Aye, aye!

RALPH. True, I lack birth—

BOAT. You've a berth on board this very ship.

RALPH. Well said—I had forgotten that. Messmates—what do you say? do you approve my determination?

ALL. We do.

DICK. (L.) I don't.

BOAT. (*Crossing to c.*) What is to be done with this here hopeless chap? Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of mind.

GLEE—RALPH, BOATSWAIN, BOATSWAIN'S MATE, and
CHORUS.

A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

CHORUS.—His nose should pant, &c.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be rung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude!—(*pose.*)

CHORUS.—His foot should stamp, &c.

(*All strike attitude and then dance off to hornpipe L. and down hatchway, excepting RALPH, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark, L.C.*)

(*Enter JOSEPHINE from Cabin.*)

Jos. It is useless—Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. (*Sees RALPH.*) Ralph Rackstraw! (*Overcome by emotion.*)

RALPH. Aye, lady—no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw!

Jos. (*Aside.*) How my head beats! (*Aloud.*) And why poor, Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady—rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a com-

bination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences—thither by subjective emotions—wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope—plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

Jos. Perfectly. (*Aside.*) His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared—but no, the thought is madness! (*Aloud.*) Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

RALPH. (*Aside.*) I will—one. (*Aloud.*) Josephine!

Jos. (*Indignantly.*) Sir!

RALPH. Aye, even though Jove's armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate the hopes, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

Jos. Sir, this audacity! (*Aside.*) Oh my heart, my heart, (*Aloud.*) This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! (*Aside.*) Common! oh, the irony of the word! (*Crossing to L., aloud.*) Oh sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

RALPH. (R.C.) I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately, my life is in thy hand—I lay it at your feet! Give me hope, and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, that I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken and I wait your word.

Jos. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank—they should be lowered before your captain's daughter!

DUET—JOSEPHINE and RALPH.

Jos. Refrain, audacious tar,
Your suit from pressing,
Remember what you are,
And whom addressing!
Proud lords to seek my hand
In throngs assemble,
The loftiest in the land
Bow down and tremble!

(*Aside.*) I'd laugh my rank to scorn
 In union holy,
 Were he more highly born
 Or I more lowly !

RALPH. Proud lady, have your way,
 Unfeeling beauty !
 You speak and I obey,
 It is my duty !
 I am the lowliest tar
 That sails the water,
 And you, proud maiden, are
 My captain's daughter !

(*Aside.*) My heart with anguish torn
 Bows down before her,
 She laughs my love to scorn,
 Yet I adore her !

(*Repeat Refrain, Ensemble, then Exit JOSEPHINE into cabin R.*)

RALPH. (*Recit.*) Can I survive this overbearing
 Or live a life of mad despairing,
 My proffered love despised, rejected ?
 No, no, it's not to be expected !

(*Calling off.*)

Messmates, ahoy !

Come here ! Come here !

(*Enter SAILORS R. & L., HEBE and RELATIVES.*)

ALL. Aye, aye, my boy,
 What cheer, what cheer ?
 Now tell us, pray,
 Without delay,
 What does she say—
 What cheer, what cheer ?

RALPH. (*to COUSIN HEBE.*)
 The maiden treats my suit with scorn,
 Rejects my humble love, my lady ;
 She says I am ignobly born,
 And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

ALL. Oh, cruel one.

DICK. (L.) She spurns your suit ? Oho ! Oho !
 I told you so, I told you so.

SAILORS and RELATIVES.

Shall { we } submit ? Are { we } but slaves ;
 they }

Love comes alike to high and low—

Britannia's sailors rule the waves,

And shall they stoop to insult ? No !

DICK. (a) You must submit, you are but slaves ;
 A lady she ! Oho ! Oho !
 You lowly toilers of the waves,
 She spurns you all—I told you so ! (*Goes off L.*)

RALPH. (*Drawing a pistol.*)
 My friends, my leave of life I'm taking,
 For oh, for oh, my heart is breaking.
 When I am gone, oh, prithee tell
 The maid that, as I died, I loved her well !
 (*Loading it.*)

ALL. (*Turning away, weeping.*)
 Of life, alas ! his leave he's taking,
 For ah ! his faithful heart is breaking,
 When he is gone we'll surely tell
 The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.
 (*During CHORUS he has loaded pistol.*)

RALPH. Be warned, my messmates all
 Who love in rank above you—
 For Josephine I fall !
 (*Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.*)

Enter JOSEPHINE from R.

JOS. Ah ! stay your hand ! I love you !

ALL. Ah ! stay your hand—she loves you !

RALPH. (*Incredulously.*) Loves me ?

JOS. Loves you !

ALL. Yes, yes—ah, yes—she loves you !

ENSEMBLE.

SAILORS and RELATIVES, and JOSEPHINE.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
 For now the sky is all serene,
 The god of day—the orb of love,
 Has hung his ensign high above,
 The sky is all a-blaze.
 With wooing words and loving song,
 We'll chase the lagging hours along,
 And if { I find } the maiden coy,
 { we find }
 { I'll } murmur forth decorous joy
 { We'll }
 In dreamy roundelays !

DICK DEAD EYE (L.)

He thinks he's won his Josephine,
 But though the sky is now serene,

A frowning thunderbolt above
 May end their ill-assorted love
 Which now is all a-blaze.
 Our captain, ere the day is gone,
 Will be extremely down upon
 The wicked men who art employ
 To make his Josephine his coy
 In many various ways.

JOS. This very night,
 HEBE. With bated breath
 RALPH. And muffled oar—
 JOS. Without a light,
 HEBE. As still as death,
 RALPH. We'll steal ashore,
 JOS. A clergyman
 RALPH. Shall make us one
 BOAT. At half past-ten,
 JOS. And then we can
 RALPH. Return, for none
 BOAT. Can part us then !
 ALL. This very night, &c.

(*DICK appears at Hatchway c.*)

DICK. Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned,
 She is a lady—you a foremast hand !
 Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,
 And you the meanest slave that crawls the water !

ALL. Back, vermin, back,
 Nor mock us !
 Back, vermin, back,
 You shock us !

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride
 Who casts all thought of rank aside—
 Who gives up house and fortune too
 For the honest love of a sailor true !

For a British tar is a soaring soul
 As free as a mountain bird !
 His energetic fist should be ready to resist
 A dictatorial word !

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
 His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,
 His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
 And this should be his customary attitude—(*pose*).

GENERAL DANCE, &c.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Same Scene. Night. Awning removed. Moonlight.

CAPTAIN *discovered singing on poop-deck R., and accompanying himself on a Mandolin. Little BUTTERCUP seated on quarter-deck, near gun, &c., gazing sentimentally at him.*

SONG—CAPTAIN.

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
 Bright regent of the heavens,
 Say, why is everything
 Either at sixes or at sevens?
 I have lived hitherto
 Free from breath of slander,
 Beloved by all my crew—
 A really popular commander.
 But now my kindly crew rebel,
 My daughter to a tar is partial,
 Sir Joseph storms, and, sad to tell,
 He threatens a court martial!
 Fair moon, to thee I sing,
 Bright regent of the heavens,
 Say, why is everything
 Either at sixes or at sevens?

BUT. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! (*Sighing.*) Who is poor little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew—(CAPTAIN *has come down from quarter-deck.*)

CAPT. (R.C.) Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

BUT. (L.C.) True, dear captain—but the recollection of your sad pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

BUT. Oh no—do not say “all,” dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT. True, for you are staunch to me. (*Aside.*) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! (*Aloud.*) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. (*Change of manner.*) I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty—and I, poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies. There is a change in store for you!

CAPT. A change!

BUT. Aye—be prepared!

DUET—LITTLE BUTTERCUP and CAPTAIN.

BUT. Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

CAPT. (*Puzzled.*) Very true,
So they do.

BUT. Black sheep dwell in every fold;
All that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs;
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

CAPT. (*Puzzled.*) So they be,
Frequentlee.

BUT. Drops the wind and stops the mill;
Turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will,
But it is a farthing still.

CAPT. (*Puzzled.*) Yes, I know,
That is so.

Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady—it is shady;
I don't see at what you're driving,
Mystic lady—mystic lady,

(*Aside.*) Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

BUT. (*Aside.*) Stern conviction's o'er him stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

BOTH. Yes I know—
That is so!

CAPT. Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever ;
Once a cat was killed by care ;
Only brave deserve the fair.

BUT. Very true,
So they do.

CAPT. Wink is often good as nod ;
Spoils the child who spares the rod ;
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers :
Dogs are found in many mangers.

BUT. Frequentlee,
I agree.

CAPT. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches ;
Worn-out garments show new patches ;
Only count the chick that hatches :
Men are grown up catchy-catchies.

BUT. Yes I know,
That is so.

(*Aside.*) Though to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble :
When he sees at what I'm driving,
Let him tremble—let him tremble !

Ensemble.

Though a mystic tone { I } borrow,
{ I shall } learn the truth with sorrow,
{ You will } Here to-day and gone to-morrow ;
Yes I know—
That is so !

(*At the end exit Little BUTTERCUP R. melo-dramatically.*)

CAPT. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring ! Time alone can tell !

(*Enter Sir JOSEPH R.*)

Sir JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact I don't think she will do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph !

Sir JOSEPH. I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so hitherto without success. How do you account for this !

CAPT. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

Sir JOSEPH. She naturally would be.

CAPT. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

Sir JOSEPH. You think it does?

CAPT. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

Sir JOSEPH. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

CAPT. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her, and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

Sir JOSEPH. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(Enter JOSEPHINE from Cabin. FIRST LORD retires up and watches her.)

SCENA.—JOSEPHINE.

The hours creep on apace,

My guilty heart is quaking!

Oh, that I might retract,

The step that I am taking.

Its folly it were easy to be showing,

What I am giving up and whither going.

On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,

Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,

Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,

Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger glasses.

Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,

And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.

And on the other, a dark dingy room,

In some back street with stuffy children crying,

Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,

And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.

With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in.

And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,

Unlettered and unknown,

Who toils for bread from early morn

Till half the night has flown!

No golden rank can he impart—

No wealth of house or land—

No fortune save his trusty heart

And honest brown right hand!

And yet he is so wondrous fair
 That love for one so passing rare,
 So peerless in his manly beauty,
 Were little else than solemn duty!
 Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
 Which of yon twain shall my poor heart obey!

SIR JOSEPH. (*Coming forward c.*) Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank, I desire to convey to you officially my assurance, that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

Jos. (R.) Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is *not* inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

Sir JOSEPH. I am officially of that opinion.

Jos. That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

Sir JOSEPH. Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

Jos. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I *did* hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (*Aside.*) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!

(CAPTAIN has entered L.; during this speech he comes down L.)

TRIO.

FIRST LORD, CAPTAIN, and JOSEPHINE.

CAPT. Never mind the why and wherefore,
 Love can level ranks, and therefore,
 Though his lordship's station's mighty,
 Though stupendous be his brain,
 Though your tastes are mean and flighty
 And your fortune poor and plain,

CAPT. & Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
 Sir JOSEPH. Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of { his } lordship
 my }

With a humble captain's child!

CAPT. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. (*Aside.*) For a gallant captain's daughter.

Sir JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—

Jos. (*Aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water

ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,

Rend with songs the air above,

For the union of a maiden

With the man who owns her love!

Sir JOSEPH. Never mind the why and wherefore,
 Love can level ranks, and therefore,
 Though your nautical relation (*alluding to CAPT.*)
 In my set could scarcely pass—
 Though you occupy a station
 In the lower middle class—

CAPT. & Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
 Sir JOSEPH. Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{my} \\ \text{his} \end{array} \right\}$ lordship

With a humble captain's child !

1st LORD. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. (*Aside.*) For a gallant captain's daughter—

CAPT. And a lord who rules the water—

Jos. (*Aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water !

ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,

Fill with songs the air above,

For the union of a maiden

With the man who owns her love !

Jos. Never mind the why and wherefore,

Love can level ranks, and therefore

I admit its jurisdiction ;

Ablly have you played your part ;

You have carried firm conviction

To my hesitating heart.

CAPT. & Ring the merry bells on board-ship,

Sir JOSEPH. Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{my} \\ \text{his} \end{array} \right\}$ lordship

With a humble captain's child !

CAPT. & Sir JOSEPH. For a humble captain's daughter--

Jos. (*Aside.*) For a gallant captain's daughter—

CAPT. & Sir JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—

Jos. (*Aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water !

(*Aloud.*) Let the air with joy be laden.

CAPT. & Sir JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board-ship—

Jos. For the union of a maiden—

CAPT. & Sir JOSEPH. For her union with his lordship.

ALL. Rend with songs the air above

For the man who owns her love ! (*Exit Jos. R.*)

CAPT. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

Sir JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this happy country that official utterances

are invariably regarded as unanswerable. (*Exit SIR JOSEPH into Cabin R.*)

CAPT. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian. (*During this speech DICK DEADEYE has entered L., and crosses to R.*)

DICK. (R.C.) Captain!

CAPT. (L.C.) Deadeye! You here? Don't? (*Recoiling from him.*)

DICK. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain. I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I aint as bad as I seem.

CAPT. What would you with me?

DICK. (*Mysteriously.*) I'm come to give you warning.

CAPT. Indeed! do you propose to leave the Navy then?

DICK. No, no, you misunderstand me; listen!

DUET.

CAPTAIN and DICK DEADEYE.

DICK. Kind Captain, I've important information,
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,
About a certain intimate relation,
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,
Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are,
The answer to them vainly I am seeking;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

DICK. Kind captain, your young lady is a sighing,
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are,
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning:
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar.

(*Producing a "cat"*)

BOTH. The merry cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!

CAPT. (R.C.) Dick Deadeye—I thank you for your warning.—I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise—So! (*Envelops himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.*)

DICK. (L.) Ha, ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled!

(Enter CREW on tiptoe, with RALPH and BOATSWAIN L. meeting JOSEPHINE, who enters from Cabin on tiptoe L., with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by LITTLE BUTTERCUP. The CAPTAIN, shrouded in his boat-cloak, takes the Stage unnoticed.)

ENSEMBLE.

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Every step with caution feeling,
We will softly steal away.

(CAPTAIN stamps c.)—Chord.

ALL. (*Much alarmed.*) Goodness me—

Why, what was that?

DICK.

Silent be,

It was the cat!

ALL. (*Reassured.*) It was—it was the cat!

CAPT. (*Producing cat-o'-nine-tails.*) They're right, it was the cat!

Pull ashore, in fashion steady,
Hymen will defray the fare,
For a clergyman is ready
To unite the happy pair!

(Stamp as before, and Chord.)

ALL.

Goodness me,

Why, what was that?

DICK.

Silent be,

Again the cat!

ALL.

It was again that cat!

CAPT. (*Aside.*) They're right, it was the cat!

CAPT. (*Throwing off cloak.*) Hold! (*All start.*)

Pretty daughter of mine,

I insist upon knowing

Where you may be going

With these sons of the brine;

For my excellent crew,

Though foes they could thump any,

Are scarcely fit company,

My daughter, for you.

CREW.

Now, hark at that, do!

Though foes we could thump any,

We are scarcely fit company

For a lady like you!

RALPH. Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!

Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,

For I have dared to love y^r ur matchless girl,
A fact well known to all my messmates here!

CAPT. Oh, horror! (*Crossing to R.*)

RALPH & JOS. { I, } humble, poor, and lowly born,
 { He. }

The meanest in the port division—

The butt of epaulettes scorn—

The mark of quarter-deck derision—

Have { dared to raise { my { wormy eyes,
Has { his {

[illegible]

In manhood's glorious pride to rise,

I am } an Englishman—behold { me!
He is } him!

ALL, He is an Englishman !

BOAT. He is an Englishman!

For he himself has said it.

And it's greatly to his credit.

That he is an Englishman !

ALL. That he is an Englishman !

BOAT. For he might have been a Roosian.

A French, or Turk or Proosian,

Or perhaps Itali-an !

ALL. Or perhaps Itali-an !

BOAT. But in spite of all temptations,

To belong to other nations.

He remains an Englishman !

ALL. Hurrah!

For the true born Englishman !

(CAPT. trying to repress his anger.)

In uttering a reprobation

To any British Tar.

I try to speak with moderation.

But you have gone too far.

I'm very sorry to disparage

A humble foremast lad.

But to seek your captain's child in marriage.

Why, damme, it's too bad!

(During this COUSIN HEBE and FEMALE RELATIVES have entered R. and L.)

ALL. (*Shocked.*) Oh!

CAPT. Yes, damme, it's too bad !

ALL. Oh!

CAPT. & DICK DEAD-EYE. Yes, damme, it's too bad.

(During this Sir JOSEPH has appeared on poop-deck. He is horrified at the bad language.)

HEBE. Did you hear him—did you hear him?
Oh, the monster overbearing!
Don't go near him—don't go near him—
He is swearing—he is swearing—

Sir JOSEPH. *(Who has come down c., with impressive dignity.)*
My pain and my distress,
I find it is not easy to express;
My amazement—my surprise—

You may learn from the expression of my eyes!

CAPT. (R.) My lord—one word—the facts are not before you,
The word was injudicious, I allow—
But hear my explanation, I implore you,
And you will be indignant, I implore!

Sir JOSEPH. (c.) I will hear of no defence,
Attempt none if you're sensible,
That word of evil sense,
Is wholly indefensible.
Go ribald, get you hence
To your cabin with celerity.
This is the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity!

(Exit CAPTAIN, disgraced R. followed by JOSEPHINE.)

ALL. Behold the consequence,
Of ill-advised asperity!

Sir JOSEPH. For I'll teach you all, ere long,
To refrain from language strong.

For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred taunts!

HEBE. No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his
aunts.

ALL. For he is an Englishman, &c.

Jos. Now, tell me, my fine fellow—for you *are* a fine
fellow—

RALPH. Yes, your honour.

Sir JOSEPH. How came your captain so far to forget
himself? I am quite sure you had given him no cause for
annoyance.

RALPH. Please your honour, it was thus wise. You see
I'm only a top-man—a mere foremast hand—

Sir JOSEPH. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position
as a top man is a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honour, love burns as brightly in the
foksle as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the
fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor
fellow's wildest hopes. *(Enter JOSEPHINE, she rushes to*

RALPH's arms. Sir JOSEPH *horrified*.) She's the figurehead of my ship of life—the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness—the rarest, the purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow!

ALL. Very pretty.

Sir JOSEPH. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! (*Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.*)

Jos. (c.) Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

Sir JOSEPH. (R.) Away with him. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

ALL. We have!

Sir JOSEPH. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

OCTETTE.

RALPH.	Farewell, my own, Light of my life, farewell! For crime unknown I go to a dungeon cell.
ALL.	For crime, &c.
Jos.	In the meantime farewell! And all alone Rejoice in your dungeon cell!
ALL.	And all, &c.
Sir JOSEPH.	A bone, a bone I'll pick with this sailor fell; Let him be shown At once to his dungeon cell.
ALL.	Let him, &c.

BOATSWAIN, DICK DEADEYE *and* COUSIN HEBE.

	He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No telephone Communicates with his cell!
ALL.	No telephone, &c.
BUT. (<i>Mysteriously.</i>)	But when is known The secret I have to tell, Wide will be thrown The door of his dungeon cell.
ALL.	Wide will be thrown The door of his dungeon cell!

(*All repeat respective verses, Ensemble. At the end RALPH is led off L. in custody.*)

Sir JOSEPH. Josephine, I cannot tell you the distress I feel at this most painful revelation. I desire to express to you officially that I am hurt. You, whom I honoured by seeking in marriage—you, the daughter of a captain in the Royal Navy!

BUT. Hold! I have something to say to that!

Sir JOSEPH. You?

BUT. Yes, I!

SONG—BUTTERCUP.

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you may know,
I practised baby-farming.
ALL. Now this is most alarming!
When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming,
A many years ago
BUT. Two tender babes I nussed,
One was of low condition,
The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.
ALL. (*Explaining to each other.*)
Now, this is the position,
One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.
BUT. Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it!
ALL. However could you do it,
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.
BUT. In time each little waif
Forsook his foster mother,
The well-born babe was Ralph—
Your captain was the other!!!
ALL. They left their foster mother,
The one was Ralph, our brother,
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.

Sir JOSEPH. Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hour—that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

BUT. That is the idea I intended to convey!

Sir JOSEPH. Dear me! Let them appear before me, at once!

(RALPH enters L. as CAPTAIN; CAPTAIN R. as a common sailor.
JOSEPHINE rushes to his arms.)

Jos. My father—a common sailor!

CAPT. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

Sir JOSEPH. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. (To RALPH.) Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

RALPH. (L.) Corcoran, come here;

CAPT. (R.) If what? If you please.

Sir JOSEPH. Perfectly right. If you please.

RALPH. Oh. If you please. (CAPTAIN steps forward.)

Sir JOSEPH. (To CAPTAIN.) You are an extremely fine fellow.

CAPTAIN. Yes, your honour.

Sir JOSEPH. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

CAPT. So it seems, your honour.

Sir JOSEPH. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

CAPT. Don't say that, your honour—love levels all ranks.

Sir JOSEPH. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that.

Sir JOSEPH. (Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH.) Here—take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

RALPH & Jos. Oh bliss, oh rapture!

Sir JOSEPH. Sad my lot, and sorry,

What shall I do? I cannot live alone!

ALL. What will he do? he cannot live alone!

HEBE. Fear nothing—while I live I'll not desert you.

I'll soothe and comfort your declining days.

Sir JOSEPH. No, don't do that.

HEBE. Yes, but indeed I'd rather—

Sir JOSEPH. (Resigned.) To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,

Three loving pairs on the same day united!

DUET.—RALPH AND JOSEPHINE.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
The clouded sky is now serene,
The god of day—the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all ablaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if { he finds } the maiden coy,

We'll murmur forth decorous joy,
My roundelay.

CAPT. captain of the "Pinafore."

ALL. a good captain too!

CAPT. before my fall

of you all,

member of the crew.

ALL. before his fall, &c.

CAPT. happy with a wife,

humble rank of life! (*turning to BUT.*)

and you, my own, are she—

must wander to and fro,

wherever I may go,

I shall never be untrue to thee!

ALL. What never?

CAPT. No never!

ALL. What *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever!

ALL. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.

4197 n give three cheers, and one cheer more

415 the faithful seamen of the "Pinafore."

BUT. loves little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup,

sure I shall never know why;

But he loves Buttercup, dear little Buttercup,

Swears little Buttercup,

ALL. for he loves, &c.

Sir JOSEPH. I'm the monarch of the sea,

And when I've married (to HEBE)

I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants,

HEBE. Then good bye to his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts,

Especially his cousins,

Whom he reckons up by dozens,

His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

ALL. For he is an Englishman,

And he himself hath said it,

And it's greatly to his credit

That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN.